

THE FEAST OF BARMECIDE

I saw a banquet, many guests were there Who sat beside the board and made as though They ate rich cates and drank red wine-And lot When I came near and looked, the board was

But still they reveled, lifting high in air Their empty glasses, seeming not to know The truth. With flashing eyes and cheeks agrow They sang of Love, the conqueror of care.

Is not the feast Lord Love himself hath spread thee and me as immuterial? Who knows if it be really wine and bread -Sydney Herbert Pierson in The Journalist.

A NEAT SCHEME.

Business was rather dell in Wall street one September a few years back. There had been a dearth of speculative movement, most of the large operators were still enjoying their vacations, and the ticker moved in a fitful way, betokening to the initiated that about all the activity there was depended on a couple of hundred perspiring and shouting mortals who pass by the name of "room traders." As these gentlemen, however, under such circumstances usually engage in transactions which may aptly be compared to swapping juckets, it can be understood that there was little in the condition of the market to gratify those brokers who depend upon public patronage for their commissions

Mr. Frunk Safron accordingly sat in his front office, and though outwardly philosophical in appearance and conversation, chafed inwardly over the fact that he had noth ing to do. Not an order had reached him in everal days. He had wandered discons lately over to the board only to find the 'traders' aforesaid "sculping" one another for eights, and coming back to his office, found no better employment than reading the newspaper. It might be remarked that unordinary circumstances Mr. Safron's yearly profits averaged upward of \$50,000, as to whether he should reduce expenses by

giving up his yacht or his borses. This melancholy train of thought was howover averted by the opening of the office door, and the entrance of a stranger. He was a man of tall stature and powerful frame, and a pair of keen blue eyes, and hair and side whiskers which, originally brown, seemed to have become prematurely gray. He was attired, though the weather was quite warm, in an ill fitting, double breasted frock cost of dark material, and wore on his head a felt hat with a high crown and broad brim, his general appearance corresponding, as Mr. Safron noted, to that of a prosperous west-

'Is this Mr. Safron!" said the stranger, in a loud, hearty voice.

That is my name," replied Safron, rising. "An old friend of yours," resumed the stranger, "a Mr. Halstead, who lives out our way, recommended me to you. My name is Cost-Homer N. Cost, of Omaha."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Coit," said Safron, taking the stranger's outstretched hand remembering the former client whose name was mentioned, and who, having come to grief in the market, had followed the sage saivice about going west, "What can I do

"Well," was the reply, "I am here in New York partly for business and partly for I'm in the lumber trade out my way, and there are some big contracts to be let here, so I am looking after them. Now I've always wanted to try my hand at stocks, penses out of this game of yours. What's the ante, anyway?"

Under ordinary circumstances Safron and I've been sent to see about it." would have required a more formal identification of a prospective customer. He was, Safron, "as the loss on a forged check would however, somewhat taken by the westerner's frank, hearty manner, and remarked, as the have been chargeable for my negligence in latter draw a pocketbook from the broast of his cost, that the custom of the street was for evidently Cost timed himself to be at the inthe deposit of margin equal to 10 per cent on strument when the bank called me up, and the par value of the stocks carried for a cus- say it was all right."

were of large denominations. "Here's \$4,moving around between here and Boston, and Philadelphia, and not caring to be bothered with bank drafts, brought the stuff with dangerous for me to carry a lot of loose up with you, and have you check it to me as

Coit accordingly transferred about a thousand dollars more into the hands of his place with a sigh of relief, proceeded to ask what could be done in the market. Now, although dullness reigned through

Wall street there were some stocks which Safron thought might in a little while yield a fair return to a patient speculator, and Mr. Cost accopted his advice; he strolled over to the exchange, and bought a few hundred of the shares in question for the former, after which the westerner, who had given a quiet uptown hotel as his address, took his depart-A week or so passed, during which

the market became more active, and prices underwent a decided advance, the stock in which Mr. Homer N. Coit's margin was invested sharing in the riso to the extent of four or five points, thus justifying Safron's opinion of it. Coit had neither been seen nor heard from, but one morning he made his appearance, explaining that he had taken a run over to Boston on business connected with his lumber contracts. He was pleased with the success of his speculation, and at once agreed with Safron's advice to take his profits, which amounted to nearly \$1,500, and to sell a few aired shares of another stock in which Mr. Safron anticipated there would be a de-

"I think " said the westerner, when this was done, "I had better have a little money, as my cash is running low. Suppose you give me a hundred and fifty."

"Why, certainly," said Safron; "give Mr. Coit a check, Wilson."

A few moments later Safron's chief clerk, Mr. Wilson, handed Cost a check for the amount in question drawn to his own order on the National Bank of the New Netherlands, with the remark that if he would in-derse it they would send to the bank and get him the amount in currency.

"Suppose you let me go with the messenger and have him identify me at your bank," said Cost, artlessly. "I shall keep you draw-ing checks for me all the time, and if I can get them cashed it will save you trouble." Wilson saw no harm in this arrangement, and so Coit accompanied a clerk to the Bank of the New Netherlands, and was introdu to the paying teller of that institution as Mr. Homer N. Coit, in whose favor the check

at Safron's office, spending sufficient time on each occasion to make houself familiar with the office and all its occupants, to whom his bearty western ways afforded more or less amusement. He made frequent use of the telephone in the office to communicate with parties with whom he said he was negotiating in regard to his humber contracts. At ne time his speculations progressed favorably on the whole. He showed himself to be conservative, yet willing to follow Sufron's advice; and though once or twice be met with slight losses, he took them good usual aft

further profits to a considerable amount, so that Mr. Safron, who prided himself on his judgment concerning the market, and his success in steering his customers through its numerous quicksands, was genuinely pleased.
"I tell you," he remarked, in a moment of

confidence, "the people who lose money in Wall street are those who think they know something, when they are unmitigated green-horns. Now, Cott, you do know the western country and the railroads. But you are willing to take advice on the immediate conof the market, and are brave enough to follow it; so you see you have made money where others generally drop it. I guess you are about \$3,000 abead of this 'game,' as you called it when you first came here. At the same time I am satisfied, for I have made more in the way of commissions out of you than if you had been losing your money the way ordinary lambs do."

Coit took the compliment with his usual modesty, and a few moments later told the chief cierk that he wanted some more money He had been drawing such sums as he needed from time to time, receiving checks for them, Bank of the New Netherlands himself. On this occasion the amount be desired was larger than usual, being something over \$1,000; but, of course, in the condition of Coit's account, his request was compiled with, and a check promptly banded to him. Soon after this, Coit announced in his usual frank way that he had completed the business which brought him to New York, and was about to return to his western home. He found the money he had placed in Saf-ron's hands was needed in his business, but in short time he hoped to be able to start a little account again, and conduct it by telegraph. His account was accordingly closed

one morning with a value in his hand. His train, be said, left in an hour, fee made with lukewarm water, and eggs but having some final business to attend to as hard as rocks, but with a plate of down town he had called in to say good-by

watch, "there is one man I wanted to see, and now I am too late to go to his place. Can I talk to him over your telephone?

clared that the instrument did not work, and that he would therefore have to see his man after all. He therefore shook hands with the broker, and receiving his wishes for a pleasart journey hastened away, not without some regret on Safron's part, who was naturally sorry to lose so successful and profitable a

Bank of the New Netherlands hurrically entered Safron's office, with an inquiry as to whether he had that morning drawn a check and odd dollars, numbered about one hundred ing day, producing at the same time the slip f paper which in all respects was a perfect duplicate of the checks Safron used, and with his own signature so perfectly imitated that only the fact that he had signed no such document convinced him it was a forgery.

"It is a forgery," he finally gasped. "Did

"Luckily not. It was presented by a young man, whom this Mr. Colt introduced as his son, and who lately came several times with large checks, which were all right. The paying teller, however, had some do about paying as large an amount as this, and the young man suggested telephoning you to see if it was all right. The teller called you up, but just as he commenced to ask about it the telephone broke down, and he couldn't and as Haistead spoke so well of you, I the telephone broke down, and he couldn't thought I'd come down and put up a little talk to you. When he said to the young man money, and see if I couldn't knock my exthat he had better get some one here to come around with him, he made a sudden break for the door, leaving the check behind him.

> "It is mighty lucky for the bank," said have been theirs. Perhaps, however, I would letting an outsider use my telephone, for

ing a roll of bills, which Safron could see inquiry it was ascertained that on pretense were of large denominations. "Here's \$4; of having some similar work executed, he bot in currency. You see I expected to be had obtained a sample of Safron's engraved checks. The attempted forgery was there-fore laid bare, and subsequent development in criminal history showed that the Omaha me. By the way," added ha, "perhaps it is lumber merchant, Mr. Coit, was none other than "Coyote Jim," a daring western forger money around with me. Can't I put it all and bank thief, who had lately served out a long term in a western penitentiary, and who, after victimizing some western bank, Safron saw no objection to this, and Mr. had escaped with a share of his plunder.

"Well," said Safron, "I've learned not to accept a customer without a personal introbanker, and, replacing his pocketbook in its duction; and as for the telephone, the best down."-Gavin Pendergast in Once a Week,

Conquering a Lasting Peace. Skobeleff met, during one of his travels in the Danubian region, with an English Quaker lady, who had a daughter married in some town where he was quartered, and who used to lecture him on the sinfulness of war. Her remonstrances, indeed, made a considerable impression upon him, and he felt much admiration for her tidelity to Christian prin-Hence he derived a high asteem for Quakeresses, whom he pronounced "most worshipful." He liked old American ladies better than young ones, but his special aversion was "the staring, stuck up British peeress, who clipped her words and was half choked by her r's."

He was not a stranger to the existence and aims of a Peace society. Once, in a conversa-tion with an English journalist, he said: "You must not publish this or I shall be "You must not publish this or I shall be called a barbarian by the Peace society; but I hold it is a principle in Asia that the duration of peace is in direct proportion to the slaughter you inflict upon the enemy. The slaughter you inflict upon the sharp that have a publisher that the same that the proportion to the sharpher you inflict upon the enemy. The mixture is then placed in thin layers harder you hit them, the longer they will be quiet afterwards. We killed nearly 20,000 Turkomans at Gook Tepe. During the pur-ing it acquires the brittleness of chocolate suit, after the assualt, we willed 8,000 of both and is then ready to be eaten. This is a series 1 had them counted. The survivors will not soon forget the lesson.

will not seen forget the lesson."
Such words and such deals show, afresh, the horrible influences of war, and its tendency to brutalize all men, even those in wrom, as in Skobelef, there may have been Cor. New York Times. manifest a measure of sincere appreciation of the things which pertain to humanity and justice.-Heruld of Peace and International

Symptoms of Insanity. Wife-Where were you last night,

Husband-At the theatre with a customer from the west.
Wife-What, in all that pouring rain? Husband-Certainly, what's a little

Wife-You are going to church with me this morning, aren't you?

Husband—What, in all this rain? You

For some time Colt was a frequent visitor must be crazy!-The Epoch.

Fretting and Dyspepsia. We all recognize the loss of appetite of grief; but we are not sufficiently alive to our own folly to trace the same inevitable connection between fretting and dyspepsia. Yet it is as certain that we tax our digestions every time we sit down stand or whose vehicles are standing still

IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

TRAVELER'S TROUBLES IN THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

The Cook and Her "Gift"-Hashes With out Number at the Hotels-"San Juans" Innumerable-A Guatemala Kitchen. Coffee and Chocolate.

It is said that he who comes to Central America and relishes the "tortilla" will remain in the country, and he who does not will leave. From my own experience with the corn cake, I have concluded that the emigrants who settled must have been very hungry. The Central Ameri-can cook is usually an Indian woman, who can boll eggs and cook rice. She has heard of such things as sauces, and if she has her own way (and she generally has) she never lets any meat go to the table unless swimming in a lardy gravy. All the meat left from today which she does not give to her own family she cuts into meat balls for to-morrow. At first one can stand them once a week, but I quall eater that he couldn't "meat ball it" once a day for twenty days. Cinnamon is used to season or flavor nearly every and the natives like it. Next to whisky I think they like cinnamon.

When you wish to engage a cook there is always one who is ready to come if you will advance her \$15 or \$20. This is called an "habilitation"—it might just as well be called a gift. She describes self as an accomplished "artiste," and according to her own statement there is nothing that she can't cook—until she and a check given for the balance, which, a spite of all the drafts made upon it, was is nothing that she can't cook—unto larger than the amount he had originally tries. She brings you an excellent reference from Senora Dona So and So, who is constitutionally anytons to get rid of her. She surprises you the first morning with cofsmoking "tortillas," which she likes her The dinner is poorer, and having "By the way," he remarked, looking at his by that time got a fair start on meat, she commences on meat balls. Many times a day you think you will change cooks, but ought of that twenty dollar "habil-Can I talk to him over your telephone?"

Permission was readily accorded, and Cott tacton "restrains you. As time rolls on passed some minutes in the little boxed in you see but two courses open to you, closet in which the telephone hung. All that with the money, and any sane was heard was therefore the usual amount of signaling, and considerable talking by Cott, who, however, came out in a little while described to that twenty donar manufacture restrains you. As time rolls on you see but two courses open to you, either to sink into a dyspeptic's grave or let her go with the money, and any sane manufacture restrains you. As time rolls on you see but two courses open to you, either to sink into a dyspeptic's grave or let her go with the money. It is a lottery, in which you pay for the chance of drawing. a cook. The prizes are even fewer than in ordinary lotteries; so avoid the specu-lation, and have a little less worry at a hotel. The proprietor then shoulders the trouble, and he is a fortunate man if it be the excellence of his table that assures him guests, for too often the guest's is one between evils.

This of course does not apply to the hotels of the largest cities, such as Gua-temala, which are excellent, but it does refer to some, which are not specified, as I may want to return to them some day. A roast is never seen except in some of the newer and larger hotels. There are fries and stews and hashes without num-ber. The "olla podrida" is a dish made of everything catable that might other-wise spoil. A Spanish dictionary says it is "a dish composed of different sorts of meats and vegetables boiled together." but I stick to my definition. Meat, fish, sausage, prunes, raisins, onlous, cabbage and every other vegetable that may be on hand is put into the pot to boil, and the result is not so bad as when the cook's attention is centered on one particular article, and in the "podrida" the different constituents may be said to "get off easy" with only a share of her attention.

What would a New England house-keeper say if she saw one of these kitchens! A raised trench holds a char-coal fire, and on this stand the pots and The light enters only at one door; there is no outlet for smoke, and the accumulation of years has formed layers of soot on the rafters and walls, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame the poor cooks if flies do form a constitu-

ent of every dish.

When the traveler is directed to go to the town of San Juan he cannot always be sure that he will reach the right one In a radius of fifty miles one may find three or four San Juans, and so numerous are they that these towns are given sur The chief clerk here remembered that Coit names, such as San Juan de los Leprosos, San Juan Ostuncule pequez, etc. So it is with the name Don Juan. Leaving home, where "Don Juan" may be prohibited reading, one may re-tain a remembrance of the name inspiring him with an avoidance of it, but this feeling soon wears away in a country where there are more Don Juans than there are colonels south of Mason and Dixon's line. How much more attractive Bryon's title

than had he used its equal, the plain English "John!" Strangers visiting the coffee growing country soon perceive that they drink more coffee than the natives. There is an unusually delicious flavor and aroma to the Guatemala coffee, which is not due alone to its preparation, because the French or "drip" coffee is universally used. It is not made for each meal as in private residences in the United States, but an intensely strong essence is ob-tained by pouring a little beiling water through a large quantity of ground coffee. About one-half of an inch of the es-sence is poured into the bottom of an ordinary coffee cup, which is then filled with hot milk, producing a better drink than had more water been used, and, in-deed, it is the custom in some families to use no water, but to pour boiling milk through the ground coffee. A native woman for \$1 will manu-facture from the "cargo" berry ten pounds of chocolate in a day. The berry is reasted with great care in removing the cutside shell, because the slightest over-burning ruins the flavor of the chocolate. The meat while warm is ground between stones with the proper quantities of sugar, vanilla and cinnamon. When reduced to between sheets of "petate" (native mat-ting) and beaten flat with clubs. On coolcrude way of making chocolate, and, not-

THE CABMEN OF PARIS.

Abuse of Borseflesh in the French Capitai-Need of a Henry Bergh.

That Paris is "a paradise for women and a hell for horses" is an old saying, the truth of which, as far as its latter half is concerned, is painfully visible every hour in the day. The public cab service in this city is simply awful, and I often wish that I could kick some of them or give them a good punching. Cabmen are, of course, a necessary class of fellows, but most of them treat the public in a way that should not be tolerated. On Sundays, if it is a fine day, it is difficult to find one who will consent to take a fare by the hour; it is even that follows anxiety or the sudden shock hard to find one who will drive "a la course," that is when you want to go to any distant part of the city. If you to est after an attack of worry, as it to take up fares. Knowing this, cabmen would be if we were forced to ent as keep off the stands and usually, when usual after a heavy sorrow,—Demorest's hailed, do not come to a full stop until

long he is likely to keep them. If the answer is unsatisfactory, away he goes, cracking his whip and turning round to laugh at a fellow's annoyance. If you jump into the carriage without waiting for it to stop and then tell the driver where you want to go or that you prohis best to get rid of you by walking his horse under the pretense that the animal

Paris cabmen interfere with each other as much as possible, ill-treat their horses and insult their fares on all possible occasions. Their driving license is called a "permis de conduire;" it must be returned to the prefecture of police when the man passes from the employ of one company to that of another, and not until a new one has been issued can he resume work. The council propose substituting for this necessity a jury of ex-capacite," to be issued by a jury of exselves that the applicant is duly qualified to discharge the duties of his calling. Once in the possession of such a diploma, a cabman will be at liberty to take employment wherever he can find it without interference from the police, who have only to satisfy themselves as to his personal character before he is allowed to go before the examiners. A dispute has, however, arisen between the municipal council and the police authorities as to who shall appoint these examiners. The council insists on exercising this right, and so does the prefect of police. and as they are unable to agree the matter has been referred to the minister of the interior.

Carters also ill treat their horses quite as badly as do the cabbies. They are not so apt to lash their beasts, but they do overload them, and they drive them when they are unfit for work. No where else are cart horses groomed so seldom as here in Paris. Many animals look as if they were never touched by curry or brush, and it is positively painful to see how some entire horses are neglected. Private coachmen are good to their stock, however, and many of the private carriage horses are the best to be seen anywhere. It is a curious fact that the finest and most stylish turnouts are the property of prominent members of the monde. There are a great many such women who own two, three and four carriages and all the way from two to ten horses. Bus drivers and those on street cars are also kind to their horses as The other afternoon, going through the rue Auber, a street laid with asphalt, and where there are more accidents than elsewhere, I noticed that, it was raining and the pavement very slippery, my Jenu did not tighten the lines and when I said something about the danger of not doing so, he replied:

"Bah! I have driven this mare for four years and she has never fallen once; she trots over the asphalt as if it was a velvet carpet. She has a Parisian foot."

The mare had lean sides, through which her ribs showed plainly, but she went along at a fair pace. Four years of service as a Paris cab horse seemed rather phenomenal, and I said as much to the cocher. He assured me, however, that it was not at all extraordinary. In the stable to which his turnout belongs there are said to be several horses which have been on the streets for eight years, and they are none the worse for it. thing, said cabby, is to get them acclimated and accustomed to their work. If this is done carefully and judiciously a horse will stand hack ser as well and as long as any other kind of work that it may be put to. Two hours later I happened to be standing on the front platform of a street car when one of the two beasts pulling it refused to go faster than a walk. After one or two cuts the driver laid aside his whip with the words: "The poor animal is only fit for the bone yard. She has plenty of willingness, but no legs;" and tears were

he had been on the line since it was started fourteen years ago. That he and his mare had entered the company's service on the same day, and that since then she had two round trips every day, each of them from fourteen to fifteen miles. The company had still five or six horses that dated from the opening of the road, while at least half its stock had been in service from eight to ten years, and all of these were yet able to do their work. The omnibus company are not so lucky with their horses and are forced to replenish them more frequently than do the tramway companies. The reason for this is that the former are obliged, by reason of the weight of their vehicles, to use a breed of large, powerful horses, not unlike those of Normandy, and known from the province whence they all come as Limonsins. They are fine looking beasts, but they do not stand fatigue, nor can they resist the constant exposure to all kinds of weather, which is part of their work. The tramway companies employ little Breton mares, ugly, clumsy beasts, but full of nerve and endurance, and the result is they lose very few horses from the effects of overwork or inclement weather.-Paris Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

Mark Twain's Queer Methods. Mark Twain was a queer writer in the days when he composed steadily, and al-though he calls himself a lazy man, and is certainly moderation of speed and manner personified, yet he was capable of prolonged sittings at his desk, in which the mental labor was intense and exhausting, though no evidence of it appeared in the composition. Sometimes an idea struck him that he thought worth developing, and he brooded it and clucked to it like a hen to a chick. He reveled in it and rolled it about for days like a sweet morsel under his tongue, and then with hig sheets of blue paper he set it down in this way and that, writing it diagonally or across the sheet lengthwise, or with a piece of black crayon setting it down on a piece of cardboard. Thus some of the immortal treasures of Mark Twain were first nursed before they were put into cold type. - New York Evening

Casting Pipes of Glass. Although glass pipes of large diameter have not as yet been successfully produced, the opinion has been expressed by those engaged in the manufacture of glass on a large scale that the time is not far distant when some method of casting such nines satisfacturily and cheanly will such pipes satisfactorily and cheaply will be devised; and it is believed that made in similar form to the present cast iron pipes, with some suitable mechanism for pipes, with some suitable mechanism for a joint, and of malleable glass, a water pipe would thus be formed to which there could scarcely be an objection. Strong, tough, smooth and indestructible, peal to a policeman he will say that he and made of a material that is found almost anywhere, it is thought not improbable that, in time, whenever a large quantity of pipe is required in any one hailed, do not come to a full stop until the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied, do not come to a full stop until the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied, where the person and made of a material that is found almost anywhere, it is thought not improbable that, in time, whenever a large quantity of pipe is required in any one locality, a furnace will be erected and the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied, do not come to a full stop until the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied, where the person are full stop until the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied, where the pipes be there made.—Boston Transhied where the pipes be there are the pipes be there are the pipes be there are the pipes be the pipes be the pipes be the pipes

We carry with us certain physical traits, as we do certain mental charactesistics. Insomuch that psychologists have striven to designate by generic titles certain temperaments—as the bilious, the nervous, the lymphatic. The individual with a sallow complexion is set down as bilious, often rightly so. If the saffron in the hue or his skin is traceable to the bile in the blood, its presence in the wrong place instead of the liver, will also be evinced by Iur on the tongue, pain beneath the right is stead of the liver, will also be evinced by I fur on the tongue, pain beneath the right ribs and through the right shoulderblade, sick headache, constipation, flatulence and indigestion. For the relief of this very common, but not essentially perilous complaint, there is no more genial and thorough remedy than Hostster's Stomach Bitters, which is also a benificent tonic and strength promoter, and a widely esteemed remedy for and preventative of fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.

It is encouraging to young speakers to know that there never has been, and never will be, such a thing as a "born orator." There has never yet been an in-stance of an orator becoming famous who did not apply himself assiduously to the cultivation of his art. Many even had to overcome great physical infirmities that rendered it almost hopeless for them to adopt the career of a public speaker. The best known instance is that of Demos thenes, who passed some months in a subterranean cell, shaving one side of his head so that he could not appear in public. He there practiced with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a defect in his speech, and gesticulated beneath a suspended and gesticulated beneath a suspended sword to rid himself of an ungraceful movement of the shoulder. Even then he was hissed from the bems in his early efforts, but he persevered-the world knows with what success. When Robert Walpole first spoke in the house of com-mons, he paused for want of words, and continued only to stutter and stammer. Curran was known at school as "stut tering Jack Curran," and in a debating so-ciety which he joined, as "Orntor Mum." Every one will also readily recall Disruell's failure when he rose to make his maiden speech. Cohden's first effort was also a humiliating failure. -Once a Week.

be Possibilities of Coincidence. The possibilities of coincidence in hu-man affairs are incomputable. A gentle-man residing near New York remarked to a friend on the 4th of February, 1888, "We shall have snow today.

not a sign of it then, but before they separated the snow began to fall. "How did you know that it would snow?" asked the friend. The sad and singular answer the friend. The sad and singular answer was, "Forty-three years ago today I buried my only son. It snowed that day and has snowed on the 4th day of February every year since, and I felt sure it would snow today." Let those who fancy that the law of probabilities is of any value when applied to any particular day tain how many chances there were that it would snow for forty-three consecutive years in a certain part of the country on the 4th day of February.—Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley in The Century.

If your hat blows off in the street follow it with gentle dignity. Somebody will chase it for you.—Harper's Bazar.

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E E HAMILTON M. D.



in his eyes as he spoke.

Noticing that I smiled, and no doubt guessing why, he went on to tell me that he had been a work of the had bee WICHITA, KANSAS.

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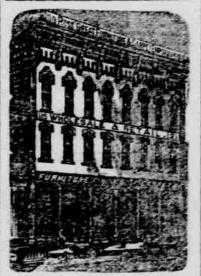
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